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## THE FISHERMAN'S TREASURE.

In a small hamlet of the Terra di Lavoro, on the Gracioso Gulf, within the kingdom of Naples, lived an old fisherman named Antonio Morino. He was called a fisherman, because, in his younger days, he had pursued that occupation for a livelihood; and because, at the present time, he owned boats, and frequently joined the toilers upon the Gulf in their piscatorial cruises. At the age of five and twenty he had left his native land for a voyage to India, having promise of much better pay than he could possibly make at fishing. The ship in which he sailed from Naples never returned, and Antonio Morino was given up for lost, and almost forgotten. At the expiration of fifteen years, however, he made his appearance in the hamlet, and was warmly welcomed by his old friends. He told how his ship was cast away in the Indian Ocean, and all hands lost save himself.

At the age of forty Antonio settled down in his own home, and took a wife; and in time a son was born him, whom he called Leonardo. He bought boats, and spent a portion of his time in fishing; but he evidently did this only for pastime; for he never sold any of his fish, but gave to his poorer neighbors what he did not consume in his own family. He made no show of money, and yet he always had it when it was needed. His companions were curious, and sought to fathom his secret, but without avail. Morino seemed to have but one grand aim of life; and that was, to rear his son to a station of honor and independence.

Now the story of Antonio Morino's absence from Italy was this: His ship had been cast away upon the coast of Ceylon, and such of the crew as had not been drowned, with the exception of himself, had been killed by the natives. Antonio had saved his fishing apparatus, the peculiarities of which interested the savages; and they spared him in order that he might show them how to use it. From the material obtained from the wreck he made lines, hooks and nets, and in time came to be a favorite in the village, and was allowed much liberty. One day, while out in his boat alone, engaged in fishing for the chief, he found a deep, rock-bound inlet which he had never before seen, and where he was sure the natives were not in the habit of stopping. In this bay he fished up several large oysters, the shells of which he recognized to be such as furnished mother-of-pearl. He opened them, and found pearls! He kept the secret to himself, and when he had opportunity he went out and fished for these valuable oysters; and in three years time he had accumulated a large store, many of which were of extraordinary size and beauty. By and by, Antonio made his escape, by venturing to run his boat far out to sea, and safely reached the port of Nagombo, where he found a Dutch ship bound for Calcutta, in which he took passage, paying the price therefor in a small pearl. Arrived at Calcutta, he soon found a ship bound for the Mediterranean; but before he sailed he was waited upon by a Bengalese merchant, who asked him if he had any pearls to sell. The Dutch captain, it seems, had suspected the fact, and had told the merchant. The Bengalese proved himself an honorable and responsible man, and our adventurer offered the bulk of his pearls, and received therefor a sum of gold equal to about two hundred thousand crowns. The possession of this sum would have made him crazy, if his conversation with the Dutchman had not given him to understand something near the value of the property he held.

And with this wealth Antonio Morino had made his way back to his home. From Leghorn, where he landed, he had brought his gold down the coast in his own boat, and had concealed it in his collar, having dug a hole in which to place it. And this gold the adventurer was keeping for his son. He had no idea of investments, of interest; his only concern being to keep a knowledge of his possession from those who would surely rob him if they knew the secret.

At the age of twelve years Leonardo, grown to be a bright and handsome boy, was sent to Capua, to school; and while he was there his mother died. At the age of eighteen he went to Lyons, and thence to Paris, where he made himself acquainted with mercantile matters. On the very day that he was one-and-twenty he came home, bringing with him a beautiful girl whom he wished to make his wife. She was a native of Marseilles—an orphan—and named Cora. Old Antonio loved her at once, and nuptial ceremonies were not long delayed.

On the day following the wedding the old man conducted Leonardo and Cora down into the cellar, and showed them, in a pit, twelve stout earthen jars full of gold. And then he told them the story of his adventures in the Indian Ocean.

"My son," he concluded, "this great wealth I have saved for you; but we must not expose it here.—On the morrow we will move it away, and set sail for France. You and Cora shall make a home in Marseilles, and I will be happy with you."

Cora asked if there were robbers in the neighborhood.

"Ah," said Antonio, shaking his head, "you don't know our country. The nobles would be robbers. Look at Gregorio Barbieri, the Count of Mondragone, who has just been discovered because he discovered the famous medicinal waters; he would not hesitate to rob a church if he had an opportunity."

There seemed to be a direful magic spell in the calling of that name; for within half an hour after they had ascended from the cellar the Count of Mondragone, accompanied by six serving men as evil looking and as ugly as himself, made his appearance at the cot. He did not stop to ask questions there, but having seized Antonio and his son, and bound them hand and foot, he bore them away to his castle of Mondragone, where they were introduced at once into a torture-chamber—a dark, dismal, underground crypt—and where the Count made known his business.

He had long suspected that Antonio Morino possessed much wealth, and had closely watched all his movements. He had sent a spy to be present at the wedding of the son and Cora, and had learned that the old man bestowed on the bride a necklace of Oriental pearls. And now he demanded to know the truth. But Antonio would not tell him, nor would the son. Then the Count called in his assistants, and the old fisherman was stripped, and cast upon a rack, and his wrists and ankles lashed to the rollers, poor Leonardo standing, all the while, so fettered that he could afford his father no relief.

"Now, Antonio Morino," pronounced the Count, "tell me, where is your gold? I ask not whether you have much, or little; but I simply demand to know, where is it? I will set your body upon the torment, and I will rack your limbs from their sockets, if you do not tell me. And if you die in your place, I will put your son in your place; and he, too, shall undergo the terrible ordeal. Now speak. Where is your gold hidden?"

What could the old man do? He knew that the wicked count would keep his word. Had there been preserved the gold to his son, he would have died ere he would have spoken.

"Hold!" cried Leonardo, as he saw the strong men about to turn the racking beams; "I will tell." "No, no, my son!"

"How! Do not think that I would have gold that cost me my father's life? No—not a morsel of pain shall rack thy dear old limbs, if I can prevent it!—look ye, Sir Count—"

The old fisherman interposed, and asked Barbieri how much gold would satisfy him. The base and covetous man knew that father and son were in his power, and he would have all, or none. It length, when he saw that there could be no possible hope, old Morino spoke:

"The gold is in my cellar. In the corner next to the old fountain is a flagging stone of a darker hue than its mates, and at the angle nearest the wall is an opening large enough for the insertion of a hand. Raise that stone, and you will find twelve earthen jars, with leaden covers, filled with gold. It is all I possess of wealth in the world. If you will leave for my poor boy two jars—only two!"

But the Count would not stop to listen to prayers. It was now very near night-fall; and as soon as he could get his horses ready, he set forth, bearing father and son back, as he had brought them, bound hand and foot; and he said to them, if he found the gold, they should be free; but if he found it not, they should suffer.

It was dark when they reached the cot, and the women were not there, but Barbieri thought not of them. With lighted torches he went to the cellar, where he found the stone, as Antonio had said; and underneath it he found the 12 jars; and having removed one of the leaden covers he beheld the glittering gold. He handled the pieces, that his eyes might not be deceived; and he lifted more of the coins. With the assistance of his men he bore the heavy jars to the yard; and when he was ready to start away he turned to give Antonio and his son a parting word, to the effect that, if they made any serious stir about the matter, they should both die.

Antonio Morino and his son were left alone. The old man sank down into his chair overwhelmed with grief, while Leonardo sought to comfort him.

"No, no, my boy, you cannot bring joy to my heart again! O! how many years have I preserved this treasure for thee! For myself, I care not; but for my dear son—"

At this juncture, Cora and her maid entered the cot.

"O, dear Leonardo, have those terrible men gone?"

"All the vessel our father had provided—it is ready for sea?"

"Yes, my precious love."

"The wicked Count took you away that he might gain from you the secret of your hidden wealth?"

"Yes, he would have put my father to dreadful torture, and I told him where the gold was concealed. And he has borne it all away!"

"Not all," returned Cora, with a brightening look. "When I knew that the Count of Mondragone had carried you away I could well guess his intent; and I furthermore knew that my dear husband would not see his father suffer for the sake of preserving the secret. That the wretch would return in quest of the treasure I felt very sure; and I naturally judged that he would bring you back with him. But I did not mean that he should rob you if I could help it. So I called Lisette, and we went to the cellar, and emptied all the gold from the jars into leathern sacks which we found in the upper chamber. Then we refilled the jars with balls and bolts of lead, which we cut from the old fishing nets in the shed. We filled them almost full, but were careful to place on the top a layer of gold coin so that, if the robber should open them, as I knew he would, he should not readily discover the cheat."

"Cheer up, dear father, and prepare for flight. The wicked Count has only gone off with a lot of worthless lead, while almost the whole of your gold is at this moment in the boat which you left secured at the landing-steps back of the cot. You know the tops of the jars were very small, and it required but little gold to cover the exposed surface."

The old man caught the heroic little woman in his arms, and blessed her, and then hastened with his preparations for departure.—Every minute was precious; for Barbieri might come back very soon. But they had not much to do. Their vessel, a small felucca, was lying close in by the shore, and before midnight they had bid farewell to the Terra di Lavoro forever; and when, two hours later, the Count of Mondragone came to the cot, filled with wrath and swearing vengeance and death, they were far away upon the bosom of the Gulf, catching the fair, brisk breeze that tipped the wave crests toward the Tuscan Sea—far away toward the new home, where peace and comfort and joy were to be theirs, and where Antonio Morino was to be amply blessed in the evening of his life by the love and devoted care of those for whom he had so long and so self-sacrificingly held his strangely-gotten wealth.

To Remove FOUL AIR FROM WELLS.—It is well known that many accidents occur to persons going down into wells to clean them, owing to the noxious gas in such places. To remove the gas before descent is made into any well, a quantity of burned but unslacked lime should be thrown down. This, when it comes in contact with whatever water is below, sets free a great quantity of heat in the water and lime, which rushes upward, carrying all the deleterious gas with it; after which the descent may be made with perfect safety. The lime also absorbs carbonic acid in the well. Always lower a light before descending; if it is extinguished, there is still danger of suffocation.

[From the Washington Patriot.]  
New Arctic Expedition.  
Captain Hall Ready to Sail.—Description of his Vessel—The Crew—Joe and Hannah—Food—Plan of the Voyage.

Captain Hall and his party are now on the eve of leaving us for a long and perilous voyage, that will probably cover a period of three years, or perhaps more. We yesterday visited Captain Hall on board of his ship, the *Polaris*, at the navy yard, for the purpose of bidding him good-by, and wishing him a prosperous and successful voyage. Scrambling across the narrow and slippery plank that forms the only means of access to the vessel, we soon found ourselves upon the deck, amid a profusion of bundles, barrels, boxes, packages, and stores of all kinds. There were barrels of flour and vegetables, boxes of canned meats and "pemican," bags of coffee, chests of tea and cases of sugar, all mixed up in the most charming confusion, and all being dispatched down into the hold of the vessel by means of ropes and creaking pulleys. In the midst of this chaos stood Captain Hall, superintending everything, and directing the disposition of the stores. The *Polaris*, formerly the *Periwinkle*, is a vessel belonging to the government, and is the largest and most modern of her kind. She is of about 400 tons measurement, considerably larger than the *Advance*, in which Dr. Kane undertook his famous voyage, and about as large as the *Germania*, which left Bremen two years ago on an expedition to the Arctic seas. She has been planked all over her sides with six inches of solid white oak timbers, and has throughout been nearly doubled in strength; her bows being almost a solid mass of timber, sheathed with iron, and terminating in a sharp iron prow with which to cut through the ice. Her engine, which was built some years ago at Messrs. Neale & Levy's works, in Philadelphia, is exceedingly powerful and compact, taking up but comparatively little space, and being peculiarly adapted for hard and severe work, and the propeller is arranged in such a manner that it can be unshipped and lifted upon deck, through a shaft or propeller well in the stern, which is a great advantage when the vessel is under sail or surrounded by floating ice that might easily damage the blades. And, even in the worst case, a supply of extra blades has been provided, so that if one should by accident be broken, it can always be replaced. There is also an extra rudder on board, and several suits of sails and sets of spars of all dimensions. Of the two boilers one is supplied with an apparatus to use whale oil for the generation of steam, as this will, in all probability, have to be relied upon when other fuel gives out, not only to furnish the propelling power, but also to heat up the vessel throughout by steam, which will, of course, be necessary as soon as the cold wintry regions have been reached.

Steam will merely be used as an auxiliary, as the *Polaris* is rigged as a foretop-sail schooner, and fully able to sail and steer under canvas only. A novel and interesting feature in her construction is a new sort of life preserving buoy, which is placed on the outside of the vessel, in the stern, and can be lowered into the water by touching a spring which is placed near the pilot house. By touching another spring, an electric light, which is fixed upon the buoy about two feet above water, is ignited by completing the circuit of electric current from a galvanic battery on board; and no matter how dark the night, or how obscure the arctic winter, the buoy can always be distinctly seen, and the man who has fallen overboard will know in what direction to swim for hope and help. Another excellent and peculiar part of her outfit is a canvas boat, the invention of Mr. John Hegeman, of Saratoga county, New York, by whom it has been patented and from which Captain Hall expects great results. As yet but one of the boats has been received, but another and smaller one will be added before the vessel leaves New York. The boat that we saw is twenty feet long, four feet wide and two deep, has a carrying capacity of four tons, weighs only 250 pounds, and carries with perfect ease and safety twenty men. It consists of an interior frame, built of hickory and ash woods, over which is stretched a canvas cover that has been previously soaked in a preparation to render it perfectly water-proof, and the whole boat can be taken apart and folded together in space less than one-eighth of its original size, in about three minutes, and by the assistance of a couple of

men only. When folded up it is perfectly flat, and can be transported on a sledge across the ice without the least difficulty. When open water is reached the order of things is exactly reversed—the boat is unpacked and spread out, and the sledge and its contents taken on board, dog team and all.

As to those who are going to be the principals in the adventurous and dangerous expedition, they are, all told, twenty-nine men.—There is not a man among them whose qualities and character have not been well tested, from the captain down to the cook. The leader and commander in chief is, of course, Captain Hall; next in the command comes Captain S. O. Boddington, of New London, an old whaling master of 30 years' experience, 21 of which were spent in the Davis strait and Baffin bay. He is an old and trusted friend of Captain Hall, who has implicit faith in his long experience and acknowledged ability. The second officer is Mr. H. C. Chester, also a whaling man, of twelve years' experience among the ice; and the third officer is Mr. William Morton, who was Dr. Kane's trusted friend and companion, and the only living mortal to whom it was ever permitted to look upon the Polar sea. He had the sad misfortune to lose his life in the *Albatross*, and to bring his remains from there to Philadelphia for interment. Mr. Emil Schuman occupies the post of first engineer, and the scientific corps will consist of three gentlemen, one of whom, Dr. Emil Bissell, of Heidelberg, Germany, will attend the expedition as a surgeon naturalist. A student from the observatory at Ann Arbor, Michigan, will probably be the astronomer; and an officer of the signal service department will be aboard in the capacity of meteorologist. Besides these, there will be a blacksmith, carpenter, steward and fourteen sailors, besides the Esquimaux interpreter, Joe, and his wife, Hannah.—This latter interesting couple, with their little daughter, are genuine specimens of the Esquimaux, but having been in constant company with Captain Hall for eight years past, they speak very good English, and have acquired civilized manners. Joe is a famous hunter and "sealer," and his little wife is quite an accomplished woman in a "small" way, with considerable talent for languages and for music. Their little daughter, who will accompany them, is five years old, and has been for some time at school in Connecticut, where her parents have been lately residing, the guests of Captain Boddington.—They will join the ship at the Brooklyn navy yard, and a nice cosy little cabin has been fitted up for the exclusive use of them and their child. They are glad to visit once more their native fields of snow and ice; and it is not at all certain that they will again return with the expedition.

Although Captain Hall expects to accomplish his purpose of penetrating into the great Polar basin, if such a one really exists, and visiting the north pole, in less than three years, the *Polaris* has been provisioned for four years, which can be extended to six, with a little economy and judicious distribution of rations. The great staple of provisions is the so-called "pemican," which is composed of three parts of selected dried meat to one part of the best suet, mixed with some other ingredients. The food is both nourishing and wholesome, and, through the absence of salt, there is no danger of scurvy—that pestilence of Arctic travelers—to be feared from its use. It is packed in 45 pound tin cans, hermetically sealed, and of this there is no less than 10,000 pounds stowed away in the hold, the manufacture of which consumed and condensed 23,000 pounds of ordinary beef and 5,000 pounds of suet. Besides this, there is any quantity of dried and desiccated vegetables, such as potatoes, tomatoes, onions, etc., and a large stock of flour, biscuits, sugar, coffee, tea, condensed milk, canned fruits, and all other necessities for a protracted voyage. Captain Hall, however, expects to be able to economize with these provisions to a very considerable extent by substituting in their place the meat of reindeer, muskox, walrus, and other game of the regions that he is about to explore. Everything has been done to make the quarters of both crew and officers as comfortable as the rather limited space would permit; and the between-decks and cabins are perfect models of cleanliness. The state-rooms, for the officers and scientists, are plain, but gotten up in good and convenient style, and the cabin aft is a perfect drawing-room in miniature. Handsome chromos decorate the walls, and a fine cabinet organ, as present to

Captain Hall from the Smith American organ manufacturing company, of Boston, promises cheer during the long Arctic night. A handsome carpet covers the floor, and there is an air of calm comfort about this little room.

The plan of the voyage will be first to New York, where Joe and Hannah will join the ship, and from thence to St. John Newfoundland, where the *Polaris* will take on board a fresh supply of coal. From there the route will be to the Danish colonies for Høstenborg and Lævele, on the west coast of Greenland, and thence to the still more northerly Esquimaux settlements of Upernivik and Disco, at one of which places a depot will be established. A government transport has been detailed to accompany the expedition as this, carry coal, lumber, and other heavy articles to this reserve station. In August Captain Hall expects to be able to push up through Jones' sound as far as latitude 80° 31', where winter quarters will be established and the dreary Arctic night passed, during which it is impossible to push farther on. But, with early spring or as soon as the weather permits, the voyage will be continued until solid land or jagged ice, when the expedition will proceed on sledges, to be obtained from the Esquimaux tribes that inhabit the region.

Alexander H. Stevens.  
A correspondent of the Tribune thus sketches an interview with the Georgia statesman:

On the outskirts of the village, across the railway track, is Liberty Hall, (the residence of Alex. H. Stephens, late Vice President of the Southern Confederacy) so named, not with any reference to the mansion of the hospitable old fellow in Goldsmith's comedy, but to indicate the interest of its owner in the cause of human liberty; for even here, in the old days of slavery, men talked with enthusiasm about liberty, meaning, of course, the liberty of the white race.—Liberty Hall is a plain, white farm house, with a large sloping lawn in front, shaded by locust trees and numerous negro houses, and other out-buildings at the side and in the rear, all freshly painted. A sprightly mulatto girl took in my card, and returned at once to the porch to escort me through a narrow hall, past a little, plainly-furnished parlor, thro' a large room walled around from floor to ceiling with books, and into a room at the back of the house. Here I found a little withered, wrinkled old man, with wonderfully bright brown eyes, white hair, and a frame so emaciated that it seemed to be literally skin and bones. He wore homespun suit of butternut color, and had an old black felt upon his head. This person was Mr. Stephens. He half rose as I entered, and extended a hand so gaunt and flossless, that it did not seem to be the hand of a living man, and immediately afterwards he sank back in his easy chair. At his right hand stood a round table, piled up with a confused heap of books, letters, newspapers, manuscripts, and writing materials. A pair of crutches leaned against the wall on the other side of his chair, and he rested his feet on the rounds of another chair, in which lay an ugly, fat, blinded dog, that the flies would not allow to sleep. There were two beds in the room, a bureau covered with bottles of every size and shape, containing medicines and liquors, and a grate in which a coal fire was burning, although it was a warm June day. A single picture, representing Faith standing by the cross, hung above the mantel, which rivalled the bureau in its array of bottles. There were piles of books upon the floor, and articles of clothing scattered about the room. Mr. Stephens said he was always glad to see visitors and to talk upon public affairs, but that he invariably insisted that correspondents who called upon him should not publish what he said, because he had no wish to be brought before the public. This prohibition I afterward prevailed on him to modify so far as to consent that I might mention whatever he should say that had heretofore been made public, and he told his nephew, a young man who came in while we were talking, to give me a copy of an Augusta paper, which he said contained an authoritative statement of his views as far as he wished them to be known.

Mr. Stephens denounced the Republican leaders in the strongest terms as guilty of "the most outrageous perfidy" in prosecuting the war for the avowed purpose of restoring the South

ern States to their old places in the Union, and then, when they had triumphed, refusing to let them take those places, denying them the rights of self government and representation in Congress, putting them under bayonet rule, and afterward reconstructing them by uprooting all the foundations of their society, disqualifying all men of intelligence and property from holding office or voting, and placing their governments in the hands of ignorant and vicious. He spoke of the Republicans as Jacobins without conscience or consistency, whose purpose was to establish a centralized, despotic government and to destroy the liberties of the people. All of the reconstruction legislation of Congress he believed to be unconstitutional, fraudulent and void.—The XIIIth amendment he admitted to be valid, because it had been ratified by the rightful governments of the Southern States—the governments *de jure*, and not the governments *de facto* afterward established by bayonets.—The XIVth and XVth amendments he claimed were no part of the constitution, because their pretended ratification had been effected by force and fraud. They were not results of the war, as the Radical leaders had been over, as a part of the scheme of centralization which those leaders had conceived to keep themselves in power. He did not hold the XVth amendment to be invalid because he opposed negro suffrage, but because of the usurpations and outrages upon the constitution by which it was wrongfully adopted. He did not believe the ballot would ever be taken from the negro if the XVth amendment was declared void, and the control of the suffrage placed where it rightfully belonged, under the exclusive jurisdiction of the States. In such a case, should it be proposed to deprive the negroes of the franchise the white man would divide into two parties upon the question, and the one that opposed the measure, with the aid of the votes of the negroes, would carry the day. But the fact that universal suffrage was so firmly established did not, he said, lessen the duty of all lovers of constitutional liberty to oppose the XVth amendment. This usurpation should never be permitted to pass without proper rebuke and condemnation, even by those who favor the object aimed at by it. The *de jure* governments of the Southern States, he said, are still in a condition of repression, and he declared that the history of no country shows grosser or more palpable usurpations of power, or more glaring acts of wrong, violence, fraud and perfidy on the part of those in authority than were committed by the Republican party in the passage of the so-called amendments and the reconstruction laws.

A SICK WEDDING PARTY.—The sickest wedding party on record was at Fort Dodge, Iowa, the other evening. About two hundred persons had been invited to celebrate the nuptials of a happy couple belonging to the F. F. V's.—About nine o'clock they all sat down to a sumptuous repast, of which ice cream was one of the features.—Nearly all partook of the cream, and in about an hour afterwards, three-fourths of the two hundred had to be carried home in intense agony, the town was aroused, all the doctors summoned, and consternation was depicted on every countenance. The bride and groom were so sick they did not enjoy any more nuptials that night. Groans and moaning were heard in every household, and it was evident that they had all been poisoned. It turned out that the confectioner, in making the cream, used a copper refrigerator which he had failed to clean properly, and that, doubtless, caused all the trouble. The condition of many of the victims was very precarious at last accounts.

THE PEACH CROP.—The New York Daily Bulletin of the 14th, says:

The first lot of peaches this season in this market came in last week from South Carolina. They were in rather poor condition; considering which, they brought very high prices; there were ten ordinary crates, which sold from \$13 for first to \$6 for last selections. Since then we have had several lots from Georgia, very few, however, being in even fair condition. One of the first lots from Carolina, coming in a partition chest, sold at \$30. Not more than three or four touching each other this way, they arrive in better condition than in ordinary crates.—The prospects in Delaware are that we will have a good crop, but the Jersey crop looks less flattering, many drooping off.

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